

## SOCIAL AND PERSONAL

(CONTINUED FROM FIFTH PAGE.)

Miss Florence Hoyt of Bridgewater is visiting her aunt Mrs. Wm. Knowlton.

Miss Conger of Woodstock is visiting Mrs. D. R. Ritchie, Sydney street.

Mr. A. A. Watson and family have returned for the winter from Thistle Cottage, Riverside, K. C.

Miss Mary McCafferty of Woodstock is the guest of her friend Miss Clara Harvey, Brook street.

Mrs. Edward Sears and family have returned from Westfield where they have been spending the summer.

Miss Webster is the guest of Miss Pullen, 16 Horsfield street.

Miss Jessie Estabrooks of Burton N. B. who has been visiting friends in the city returned home this week.

Miss A. W. Sulis has returned from a visit to friends at Moncton and Hopewell Cape.

Mrs. Thomas of Canard N. B. is the guest of her daughter Mrs. E. E. Daley Duke street.

Miss Edith Sh. Smith of Cornwall N. B. is visiting her uncle Dr. Mason Smith, Princess street.

News of the death of Mr. Gilbert R. Pugsley was heard on Thursday morning with genuine regret. Mr. Pugsley had been ill for several weeks and it can scarcely be said that his death was unexpected. In public and private life Mr. Pugsley made hosts of friends who will deeply sympathize with Mrs. Pugsley and her daughters Misses Bessie and Maud in their sad bereavement.

Miss Emma Aiken left Monday for a visit to her friend Mrs. J. H. Cosman of Chelsea Mass.

A brilliant wedding was celebrated at Trinity church at seven o'clock Wednesday evening, when Archdeacon Briggs officiated in marriage Miss A. de Isabel Stevenson, daughter of Mr. J. H. McAvity, and Mr. Frank Eden Cane, formerly of Malden, Mass., but now of Montreal. The bride wore a gown of white ivory satin with an Irish point lace collar and orange blossoms, and the ornaments were pearls and diamonds. She carried instead of the usual bouquet a white prayer book with a single white rose, the stem of which was in the book. The maid of honor, Miss Mabel Brainerd, of Chicago, was attired in yellow tulle, ornaments pearls and diamonds. Misses Rebecca and Emma McAvity, sisters of the bride, were bridesmaids and wore white muslin gowns and white leghorn hats trimmed with pink ribbons and roses. All carried beautiful bouquets. The groom was supported by his cousin, Mr. Walter Cane of Boston, and the ushers were Messrs. Thos. B. Blair and John I. Robinson. The guests numbered over seventy and consisted almost entirely of relatives of the bride and groom. After the ceremony a reception was held at the residence of Mr. James McAvity. The wedding gifts were very numerous and elegant. Mr. and Mrs. Cane left this morning for a honeymoon trip through the New England States, going as far as New York. Mr. and Mrs. Cane will make their home in Montreal. A large circle of friends will extend heartiest congratulations and best wishes for a bright and happy future.

## McArthur's for Window Blinds.

## SACKVILLE.

[Progress is for sale in Sackville at Wm. I. Goodwin, Bookstore. In Middle Sackville by E. Merrill.]

Sept. 29.—Mrs. Hutton has returned from a pleasant visit to her parents Dr. and Mrs. Jack Frederickson.

Mrs. W. Sprague of Shediac spent a few days in town last week the guest of her son, Dr. C. W. Sprague.

Mrs. C. L. Chisholm and infant son have returned from Marysville.

Miss Fawcett of the Ladies College is visiting St. John friends.

Mrs. W. A. Gass and Miss Annie Patterson have gone to St. John for a few days.

We were pained to hear of the sudden death on Sept. 19, of Mrs. Kinnear's little daughter Marion, much sympathy is felt for Mrs. Kinnear in her bereavement.

Mr. and Mrs. Wetmore of Liverpool, N. S., were visiting Rev. and Mrs. Wiggins at the rectory last week.

Invitations are out for the marriage, on Wednesday, of Miss Lottie Megey, to Mr. David Wyman of Boston.

Congratulations to Mr. and Mrs. Jos. Dobson on the arrival of a son.

The many friends of Miss Lauretta Pinney will regret to learn that she is seriously ill.

Dr. Brecken went to Charlottetown on Saturday to attend his mother's funeral.

Dr. and Mrs. J. C. Bowser, on account of ill health intend removing to California next month. During their three years residence in Sackville they have made many friends who will be very sorry to part with them.

Mr. and Mrs. E. A. Moore started on a wheel trip to St. John, Friday.

## NORRIS.

Chairs Re-seated, Cane, Splint, Perforated Duval, 17 Waterloo.

## New Insulating Material.

A new insulating material is being introduced to the electrical trade. It consists of powdered silica, a mineral resembling mica in its pure state, which is packed in wrought iron pipes, in which is centralized the electrical conductor. The lengths of pipe are joined by very tight sleeve couplings, and the outlets are hermetically sealed with a mica cap and shellac, through which the conductor projects. The silica has some properties which render it of special value for electrical work. It is a remarkable non-conductor of heat and an excellent electric insulator, and it is stated by the projectors of this new enterprise that they have on a test succeeded in using a wire insulated by this method, but since the insulation surrounding the wire was incombustible there was really no place for the fused metal to run, and after the current was withdrawn the metal resolidified, and the metallic and electrical continuity of the wire was restored to its original condition. Silica in this form is said to be remarkably non-hydroscopic; therefore there is no danger of the insulation being impaired by moisture.

## Not Ashamed to Wash Dishes.

In a recent sketch of Hawthorne by his daughter we are told that in his early married life he helped his wife, who was not strong, by doing the housework. He washed the dishes, cleaned knives and cooked. All this he did without "silly innuendoes and sudden snarlings." The great romancer did not shrink from unromantic work. His good sense puts to shame some lesser lights in literature who have counted it a thing common and unclean to work with their hands bent in using the pen.

## Mutually Safe.

He—I never mean what I say to a summer girl.  
She—And I never believe what a summer man says to me.  
He—Good. Then we might as well be engaged without further loss of time.

## HOMES OF THE CLAY EATERS.

Where Superstition, Poverty, Earth Eating, and Longevity Go Hand in Hand.

Yellow clay as a daily food is what many of the people in this county, Ala., live and thrive on. The county of Winston is in the northwestern portion of the State and is sparsely settled, its population being poor and appearing to be eking out a mere existence. It is only within the past few years that the amount of taxes collected from the entire county amounted to \$1,000. Until 1888 Winston was forty miles from the nearest railroad and the county Court House twenty miles further. Houses of worship and those for educational purposes are few and far between. A majority of Winston's population live in small log cabins of the rudest kind and eke out a miserable existence by farming, hunting and fishing.

Their farms, or patches, as they call them, are small clearings around their cabins, and are seldom more than a few acres in extent. Their crop (as they invariably say) consists of corn, peas, and potatoes, and a few who are fortunate enough to own a horse attempt to raise a little cotton. The land is very poor, and, as the crops receive little work, the yield is always small. A few hogs are raised, but the majority depend on the country stores for the few strips of bacon they eat during the year. Here in this county, though, the moonshine stills flourish as the green bay tree. In almost every cave and on every little brook among the hills may be found a still whose undertaker's delight is produced by the soft light of the moon and where Uncle Sam fails to get his pull-down of 90 cents on the gallon. These people are too far from market to sell their corn for money, but they can convert it into good, straight liquor. Carry it in kegs or jugs to the nearest settled neighborhood a few miles away and obtain a few dollars in money, some tobacco, coffee, and snuff for the women folk. Men, women, and children are all slaves to the tobacco habit. The women chew, smoke, and dip snuff, but "dipping" is generally a Sunday luxury, as snuff is hard for them to get.

The interior of the cabin of the clay eater is rude in the extreme. It is usually built of small pine logs, from which the bark is sometimes removed. There are no windows, and sometimes only one door. In winter the cracks between the logs are filled with rags and clay or thin boards nailed over them from the outside. In summer these cracks are opened, in order to allow plenty of fresh air to enter. There are no pictures on the wall no pictures of any kind, and often no furniture worthy of the name. Of these are bedsteads, and they are of the crudest kind, made by the head of the family, with no other tools than a saw, axe, and hammer. Usually the cabin is too small for bedsteads if the family is large, and they sleep on quilts and mattresses spread on the floor, often the ground. The entire family, often ten or more persons, eat and sleep in the same room, and the cooking is done on one fireplace, the utensils consisting of a frying pan, kettle, oven, and a pot. All modern conveniences are almost unknown. Few families ever see a newspaper, and there are but few of the people who can read. Their parents before them could not, and their children are growing up equally ignorant. Strange to say they do not believe in book learning. If the head of the family is a member of the church probably a cheap Bible may be found in the house, but they never hear it read except when a travelling preacher comes along and stops for dinner or stays all night. When the writer was in Winston county last year he heard a man



## Purified Blood

saved an operation in the following case. Hood's Sarsaparilla cures when all others fail. It makes pure blood.

"A year ago my father, William Thompson, was taken suddenly ill with inflammation of the bladder. He suffered a great deal and was very low for some time. At last the doctor said he would not get well unless an operation was performed. At this time we read about Hood's Sarsaparilla and decided to try it. Before he used half a bottle his appetite had come back to him, whereas before he could eat but little. When he had taken three bottles of the medicine he was as well as ever." FRANCIS J. THOMPSON, Peninsula Lake, Ontario. Remember

## Hood's Sarsaparilla

## Is the Only

## True Blood Purifier

Prominently in the public eye today.

Hood's Pills cure all liver ailments, biliousness, constipation, etc.

## Cases.....



To put a piece over a good instrument would be a fall that could never be laid at the door of the Pratte Piano Co.

We make no pretense toward an ornate, tricked-out case, that has no excellence save in its power to deceive the careless observer. Poor varnishes, poor finish, careless finishing and mechanic-made ornaments, have no relation to our cases.

Our cases are PLAIN, most of them, for we believe in the charm of simplicity as long as it accompanies solid worth, natural beauty and the craftiest hand-work.

All foreign woods and many native woods are represented in our cases. They are strong; they do not crack or warp and are unequalled for rich color, handsome pattern and intrinsic value.

**Pratte Piano Co.**  
1676 Notre Dame Street,  
MONTREAL.

of God read from the Great Book, and when he read 'Jesus Christ died to save sinners,' the good old motherly woman moved the cob pipe from her mouth and in utter astonishment remarked: 'Is that so? I allus told Bill we'd never know nuttin' less we tuck the paper.'

The clay eaten by these people is found along the banks of the small mountain stream in inexhaustible quantities, and is of a dirty white color usually, sometimes a pale yellow. It has a peculiar oily appearance, and the oil keeps it from sticking on the hands or mouth. When dry it does not crumble, and a few drops of water will easily soften it until it can be rolled into any shape desired. The clay is almost without taste, but evidently possesses some nourishment, as these people declare they can subsist on it for days without any other food whatever. They place a small piece in the mouth and hold it there until it dissolves, and is swallowed in small quantities at a time. The quantity eaten at one time varies from a lump as large as a pea for a child or beginner to a lump as large as a man's fist for those who have eaten it for years. These people eat the clay with a ravenous relish, and the only bad effect seems to be the peculiar appearance it gives the skin of those who become addicted to the habit. The skin turns pale, so pale in fact, as to give the face the pallor of death, and then later on it turns a sickly pale yellow, a color closely resembling some of the clay eaten. Children who become addicted to clay eating grow old, at least in appearance prematurely, and their faces lose forever the bright glow of youth and health. Strange as it may appear, there is little sickness among the clay eaters, and they live as long as the average mankind, thus proving that clay eating is not fatal in its effect.

It may or may not be the result of clay eating, but these people are as superstitious as the followers of a voodoo. They have signs for everything and almost worship the moon. Corn is planted when the moon is full, and potatoes on the dark of the moon. They will not start on a journey or begin a job unless the moon is right, and they fortell storm and disaster by the appearance of the moon. If one end of the new moon is lower than the other it will rain before the moon changes again, and if the new moon is level there will be no rain until another change occurs. It might be remarked that the clay eaters are often as successful in their prognostications as the true average manipulator of the weather bureau. For an owl the eater has a holy dread. The hooting of an owl at any hour after eight o'clock in the evening and until nightfall the following day is an omen of bad luck. If heard in the quiet hours of night and is answered by the hoot of a sleepless canine it is a sign that one of the family will die before many moons. As soon as the hoot of an owl is heard a chair is overturned. If the hooting ceases at once the threatened danger has been warded off for a time, but if it continues there is weeping and wailing in the home of the clay eater. The howling of a dog at night is also an omen of ill luck, but it is not a sign of approaching fatality unless it is in answer to the hoot of an owl. When a screech owl lets forth one of its horrible and blood-chilling sounds the women folks reach their hands up the chimney and get a handful of soot. A screech owl near the house is a sure sign of death.

With the tenacity of ignorance these people cling to their filthy habits, traditions, and superstitions; of modern inventions and customs they have never dreamed, and they would ridicule the man who told them the world is round. Perhaps in time they will disappear with the onward march of civilization and enterprise.—Atlanta Constitution.

## McArthur's for Wall Paper.

## ITCHING, BURNING SKIN DISEASES CURED FOR 35 CENTS.

Dr. Agnew's Ointment relieves in one day and cures better, salt rheum, piles, scald head, eczema, barbers' itch, ulcers, blotches and all eruptions of the skin. It is soothing and quieting and acts like magic in the cure of all bad humors; 35 cents.

## Interested at Last.

"Yes, sir-ree," exclaimed the man who is subject to long-range enthusiasm, "I'll do it every time. I'd stick to principles and let party go to smash if the occasion came up."

"Would you?" said his wife, languidly. "That's what I would. Am I, a free-born American citizen, to give my unquestioning allegiance to a mere name—a word—an intangible collection of vowels and consonants? Better bow down to some dynasty than follow a hollow mockery."

"I suppose it is better," she assented, dubiously.

"Rather than do it, I'd bolt."

Her face brightened, and he remarked:

"Humph! I'm glad to see you interested at last."

"Yes, John, dear, that reminded me of something."

"What is it?"

"Did you bolt the basement door when you came into the house, as I told you to?"—Washington Star.

## Patti's Jewels.

Mme. Adelina Patti is said to have the handsomest and largest collection of jewels of any of the modern actresses and opera singers. She lately wore in the third act of "La Traviata" a dress covered with precious stones to the value of £100,000. These stones are row in Paris to be reset in the shape of a tulip-like corslet, formed of seven leaves, from which the mousseline de sole bodice will merge all in fluffs and puffs.

## Asbestos in Boot Soles.

It is proposed to use asbestos in the soles of boots. Asbestos wool, pressed by hydraulic force into thin sheets, water-proofed on one side, is to be inserted as the middle sole. Asbestos is a non-conductor of heat, and, in conjunction with a water-proof material, will have the effect of counteracting the influence of heat, cold and moisture.

## Jimmieboy's Dessert.

It was at dinner at the Profile House. "I'll have some blueberry pie and some ice cream," said papa.

"You may bring me some jelly and cream cakes," said mamma.

"And what will you have?" asked the waitress of Jimmieboy.

"I'll have the same," said Jimmieboy.

## Making Bad Worse.

Harduppe (3 a. m.)—"Sorry to wake you up, old man, but I can't pay you that hundred dollars today as I promised, and I couldn't sleep for thinking of it."

Lendman—"Confound you! why did you say anything about it? Now I shall not be able to sleep, either."—Truth.

## A Suggestion From The Back Yard.

First Cat—"I see they are going to have another cat show."

Second Cat—"Yes; if they'd give a prize for indifference to bootjacks you and I could give them society cats an argument."

## One Difference.

Watts—"Blamed if I can see much difference between golf and stinny."

Potts—"There is a whole lot. Shiny is played in English."—Indianapolis Journal.

## The Longest Telephone Circuit.

The longest commercial distance at which the long distance telephone is now operated is from Boston to St. Louis, a distance of 1400 miles.

**DR. FOWLER'S**  
EXT. OF  
**WILD STRAWBERRY**

HAS A RECORD  
OF  
40 YEARS OF SUCCESS  
IT IS A SURE CURE  
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DIARRHŒA, DYSENTERY,  
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**BRITISH COLUMBIA GOLD MINES.**  
In response to the request of a large number already interested in the Rossland District, I have succeeded in obtaining and now offer for investment, stocks of all the principal mining companies, at the quotations which are received by me daily by special wire—all stocks are of Par value of \$100 each Fully Paid up and non-assessable and are for sale in Lots of 100 or over. I today especially direct your attention to  
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## Where is the Lady

Now that the hot summer days have gone and cool evenings and rainy mornings form a good part of the weather probabilities, the ladies with their "Rigby" wraps, warm, comfortable and rainproof, pass along the streets with an air of independence that is delightful to behold. They have gone to their dealers and selected just the cloth they wanted and ordered it "Rigby Proofed." The consequence is they are wearing the latest materials that are out, and their wraps are perfectly waterproof, though the cloth is not changed in the slightest degree. It is as porous and soft as before. This being true, where is the lady who would not prefer to have her out of door garments "Rigby Proofed." The men are all wearing Rigby Coats, and a lady has only to inquire of her father, husband, or brother to learn of their utility.

**Granby Rubbers**

Honestly made of pure Rubber. Thin, Light, Elastic, Stylish, Durable.

Modelled each year to fit all the latest shoe shapes. Extra thick ball and heel.

Sold everywhere. They Wear like Iron.

## Beyond the 8 yx.

Plato—"Let me see. They condemned you to die, but permitted you to choose the manner of your death. Am I right?"  
Socrates—"That's right. I told them hemlock-juice was my poison. I said ice cream first, but they made me guess again."—Puck.

A woman in Kansas was fined in court for driving her husband from his home. The husband paid the fine. Now social scientists are confronted with the problem of which sex's rights did the law uphold. —Baltimore American.

Flossie—"Well, Susie is the brightest girl I know." Mary—"She could never learn to ride a wheel." Flossie—"No, but she was smart enough to coax a man to haul her on a tandem."

"Oh, yes," said the pianist, who made a specialty of playing at select social gatherings, "I have accompanied some of the very best conversationalists of our times."

What civilization and culture will do for mankind is clearly shown in the awful superiority of the college yell over the war whoop.—Lynn Item.

Jinks—"Been to the circus, eh? See anything new?" Blinks—"Yes. The children who laughed at the clowns were new."—N. Y. Weekly.

A good many men get their opinions ready-made from someone else's measure, and wear them much as they would clothes of the same kind.—Puck.

"Very. I am going to New York shortly to have my fortune told. Fortune tellers abound in the metropolis, you know," "Yes."

**Windsor Salt**  
Purest and Best for Table and Dairy  
No adulteration. Never cakes.



IN THE KINTERGARTEN.